

THE SLEEPY PIGEON.

BY J. F. HOWARD.

O, give me back the morn
Whose fields of yellow corn
Waved in the autumn wind
Long ago.

Let me when it shall break
From sleep of health awake,
And seek the woodland haunts
That I know.

Across the meadow mown
Up from a stump or stone
A sleepy pigeon flies,
Wet with dew.

Like him we leave the glade,
And in the leafy shade
Wait as the fairies wait,
Hid from view.

And see the rabbit when
He bolts from out the fen,
Alternate dropping ears,
Looking bland.

And hear in symphony
The divers notes agree,
As birds of dawning wake
The matin song.

The owl on a dead tree
Deplores the melody,
And the returning light
In his eyes.

The pine its golden head
Bows in the sun so red,
And thus the wood concludes
Its sacrifice.

HAYANA, N. Y.

THE INDIANS' CHRIST.

WEIRD MESSIAH OF THE CRE-
DULOUS RED MAN.

He wears a Blazer—Munchausen Porcupine's Startling Story—What the Ghost Dance Is Like—Cause of the Indian Uprising in the Northwest.



HE white man had a Christ. The red man, too, will have one.

Such is the doctrine that has set the whole Northwest on fire. A glance at the situation in the Northwest, and a brief consideration of the treatment of the Indians by their conquerors, will show the primary cause for this threatened uprising.

Brooding dissatisfaction over years of ill-treatment has caused the advent of this promised Redeemer to be treated with joy by the Indians. With the westward march of civilization the Indian has been crowded further and further back. His boundless prairies have been wantonly depleted of their game. The buffalo is extinct. The deer has retreated to the forests. The Indians today are prisoners. They are kept upon reservations limited in extent and limited in their stock of game and fish.

No wonder, then, that the Indian has come to the conclusion that Christ was only for the white man. Having imbibed the idea of a Messianic Savior, it is no wonder that he seized upon the idea of a red man's Christ with avidity, adopted it, and worked himself up to a religious frenzy at the hope that he would at no remote date regain his freedom, his prairies, his game, and his tribal relations.

It is a mystery where this idea originated. Sitting Bull, the great war chief of the Dakota Sioux, is unquestionably at the bottom of all the trouble. But the idea of an Indian messiah is not his own. Neither is it that of Porcupine, the cunning old chief of the Cheyennes, who claims to have talked with the messiah and visited the "happy hunting grounds."

Porcupine's description of the locality in which he was taught the gospel of this mysterious messiah, together with



the description of the apostles he met on his trip, points to Utah and the Mormon.

There seems to be little room for doubt that the Mormons of Utah and Nevada are at the bottom of the new craze. In many of its features it resembles the Mormon faith. It bears the earmarks of Mormonism all over it.

One of the cardinal doctrines of the Mormon faith is a belief in revelation. From time to time the apostles of the Latter-day Saints, as they call themselves, see visions and have all sorts of things revealed to them by God. So that not only does the location of the new messiah but the essential points in the whole story point to the Mormons as the authors of the evil.

Among the Arapahoe Indians in Wyoming it is supposed the messianic craze was first started. They talked of it in the fall of 1880, during a visit of Porcupine to Shoshone Agency. The doctrine was preached by an Indian called Sage, who said he learned it while in the country to the southwest of the Shoshone Agency during the summer.

This man Sage described where the messiah was to be found, and intimated that he had come on earth for the purpose of restoring it to its rightful owners—the Indians; that he would wipe the white men from the face of the earth, and restore the country to the condition in which it was three hundred years ago.

The Cheyenne chief, Porcupine, was naturally interested by this. He and his companions determined to go to see this new Redeemer. He sent several Indians up to the Indians on Tongue River, in the northern part of Wyoming and the southern part of Montana, to tell them the good news. Then he and a few companions started off on a long and perilous journey.

It must be remembered that Porcupine

lives at Cheyenne Agency, which is on the Missouri River, in almost the center of South Dakota. He was visiting at the Shoshone Agency, which is almost in the center of Wyoming, and far away



from home. He had probably obtained permission to make this visit, but the step he was taking in journeying a thousand miles further west was unau-



THE INDIAN MESSIAH AS SEEN BY PORCUPINE.

thorized and he knew it.

Traveling for several days among Indians and white men, they had various experiences and spent some time among some fish-eating Indians. From these



A MEDICINE MAN.

Indians Porcupine learned that Christ had appeared upon earth again and had sent for him, thus explaining why he unconsciously had started on his journey. The Great Father was said to be with Christ, and eleven of the latter's sons were also there.

At a great pow-wow the Great Father sent word to Porcupine, through the sons of the chief, that in the course of fourteen days he would visit them. Then followed a most remarkable scene, in which the hand of the Mormon hierarchy is apparent. Two days they waited in expectation. At the end of that time a vast concourse of Indians was assembled. A place near the agency was cleared in the form of a great ring, into which they all entered.

The sun was just setting. It was a cold afternoon in November, and any one who is familiar with the West can imagine the scene. The snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas rose to the west, tinted pink and gold with the glory of the western sunset, the dark pines around their bases mirrored in the still darker waters of the lake, the vast assemblage of Indians, clothed in brilliant blankets, the blue smoke of the fires rising among the trees, straight up, up, up into the cold gray vault above. The silence is scarcely broken. The Indians are sitting around smoking their pipes and saying nothing.

Just as the veil of darkness began to spread itself over the pine trees in the valley, while yet the light shone upon the mountains, a large body of men, dressed in the garb of civilization, ar-



RED CLOUD.

rived and entered the cleared circle. They had no tents, so sheets were erected all around the circle to keep off the cold night wind.

A whisper went around among the assembled Indians.

"Christ has come!"

Porcupine's description of Christ's garb is rather incongruous. Says he: "He was dressed in a white coat, with stripes. The rest of his dress was a white man's, except that he wore moccasins."

By this time it was dark, and by the light of the camp fires Christ began to dance in the slow, rhythmic style of the Indian. The others all joined the dance, Christ singing as an accompaniment. Late into the night they danced until Christ told them they had danced enough. Porcupine had plenty of opportunity of watching the savior. He had heard that he had been crucified, so looked carefully for the scars left by the nails. There was one on his face and another on his wrist, but his feet were not visible.

"He seemed to be the man," remarked Porcupine.

Two days afterward Christ talked to them all day. He told them what he wanted them to do, and explained what he himself would do to aid them. He asked them to remain at peace with the white men. They must prepare for their coming deliverance and spread the news as far and as wide as possible.

The deliverance is to come about in this way: Some time during the coming winter the messiah will come in all his majesty. With him will come all



THE INDIAN MESSIAH AS SEEN BY PORCUPINE.

the braves who have died and who are now supposed to be in the happy hunting grounds. A great wave of earth will pass over the whole crowd, burying everything thirty feet deep beneath it. The whole race of white men, with their towns, their railroads, their ships and munitions of war, will be exterminated by this burial.

The red men will be buried, too, but will have a supernatural power given them, by which they will climb out through the stratum of earth. When they arrive on the surface they will find themselves purified. They will find every trace of civilization and the hated pale-face wiped out.

The prairies will be covered with waving grass waist-deep. Buffalo will roam as they did of yore. The spirits of the departed dead will all be there, restored



THE INDIAN MESSIAH AS SEEN BY PORCUPINE.

again to life. Wild horses will be ready for their use, and the millennium will have dawned.

This climbing out through the earth is a sort of purgatory through which the Indians will have to go in order that they may be purified from every contaminating stain left by the white race. Pain, tribulation and trouble will be encountered, but strength will be given them to overcome the obstacles.

WHAT THE GHOST DANCE IS LIKE.

In preparing for the dance the Indians cut the tallest tree that they can find, and, having dragged it to a level piece of prairie, set it up in the ground. Under this tree four of the head men stand. Others form in a circle and begin to go around and around the tree. The begin the dance Friday afternoon. It is kept up Saturday and Sunday until sundown. During all this time they do not eat or drink. They keep going round in one direction until they become so dizzy that they can scarcely stand, then turn and go in the other direction and keep it up until they swoon from exhaustion. This is what they strive to do, for while they are in swoon they think they see and talk with the new Christ. When they regain consciousness they tell their experiences to the four wise men under the tree. All their tales and with the same story about the two mountains that are to belch forth mud and bury the white men and the return of good Indian times.

They lose all their senses in the dance. They think they are animals. Some get down on all fours and howl about like buffalo. When they can not lose their senses from exhaustion they butt their heads together, beat them on the ground, and do anything to become insensible, so that they may be ushered into the presence of the new Christ. One poor Indian, when he recovered his senses, said that Christ had told him he must return to earth because he had not thought with him his wife and child. His child had died two years before, and the way the poor fellow cried was most heartrending. At the end of the dance they had a grand feast, the revel lasting all Sunday night. They kill several steers and eat them raw and drink and gorge themselves to make up for their fast. Every Indian has about four war clubs made out of round stones twisted in rawhide. They throw these around during the dance, strew the ground with them, and beat their heads against them.

FAME is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is more negotiable.

FUR FOR HEAD-GEAR.

IT IS THE NOVELTY IN MID-WINTER MILLINERY.

Russian Turbans Popular—The Proud Hat of the Czar's Kingdom Also in Style—Steel and Jet Still in Favor.



HE time, according to the calendar, for the mid-winter novelties in millinery to appear has arrived, and the novelties are with us in the shape of artistically mingled feathers and furs, flowers and velvet. The pronounced and distinguishing feature of the new headgear is fur. The Russian turban, illustrated at the head of the column, is one of the most stylish of the new midwinter shapes. The crown is of ecrú brown cloth, exquisitely fine and soft, arranged in long soft folds. About the edge is a three-inch band of sea otter. In the back are long donkey ears of velvet of golden brown, carrying out the lighter color of the cloth crown, intermixed with those of other faced with the velvet. Flat loops of velvet are arranged to fall from this cluster of trimmings on the hair.

The second illustration shows the Russian large hat, with its stiff turned bent V-shaped in the front and turned up in the back, giving it a piquant, tip-tilted effect. The brim is of cloth in the shade known as Stanley brown, and is faced with velvet a shade darker. The medium crown is of sea otter. This hat is especially suited to the fresh face of a young girl.

The stiff-brim broad hat in the same illustration shows the new and now very popular combination of brown and gray.

The French toque holds its place in popular favor and appears in, if possible, prettier forms than ever before. As seen in the last illustration, one of



RUSSIAN HAT AND BROAD HAT.

these is in light gray velvet with the crown covered with a spider-web of jet, and, by the way, this spider-web of jet is one of the most popular Parisian novelties for crowns, and is particularly dainty and effective. Above the edge of this toque and below the crown is a twist of rich, dark seal brown velvet. A cluster of parrot tails in gray velvet, together with a donkey-ear bow, trims the back. The other toque is of a light and delicate shade of turquoise velvet with the crown covered with a spider-web of jet. About the edge is an astrakhan band, so placed as to have a soft, irregular appearance. The



THE FRENCH TOQUE.

trimming is a cluster of ostrich tips the color of the velvet, with a black aigrette in the center and ears of the turquoise velvet lined with black.

A DEMOCRATIC MASCOT.

Governor-Elect Pattison, of Pennsylvania.

Robert Emory Pattison, since his second election to the Governorship of Pennsylvania, is looked upon by his friends in the Keystone State and elsewhere as the possible Democratic nominee for President in 1892. Governor Pattison's political career has been a remarkable one for so young a man. At 27 years of age he was nominated by the Democrats for Controller of the city of Philadelphia, and was elected by 2,000 majority. Two years later he stood for a second term, and was chosen by a majority of 13,500, although Garfield, at the same election, carried the city by 29,000 votes.

In 1882 the Democrats of Pennsylvania, concluding that they had a mascot in their midst, put him forward for Governor, and he was elected over General Beaver by a plurality of 40,000. Pattison became Governor at 33 years, and was the youngest Executive the State ever had. In 1890 the Democrats again turned to their mascot, and named him a second time for Governor. Again he defeated his Republican opponent in one of the strongest Republican States in the Union. Governor Pattison is a bank President, but he is not a rich man. His salary is said to be \$10,000 a year. He lives in his own

house, a modest, brick dwelling which cost him \$12,500. He is essentially domestic in his tastes, and is never at the club. Governor Pattison is a very handsome man. A fine, strong, swarthy face, a straight nose, dark-brown eyes, penetrating and expressive, black hair, plentiful and not often carefully combed, a firm but pleasant



GOV. PATTISON.

voice, decisive, aggressive jaws are features which one notes at once. His attire is plain, almost to simplicity; his manners are quiet, direct, wholesome, polite without offensiveness. Enter his door—there is no lackey, no cards are demanded, all comers may open and walk in—and he rises and advances to meet you, be you friend or stranger. He stands six feet two and weighs 210 pounds.

A Stern Rebuke from the Bench.

"It surprises me to see a young man like you here," said a Texas judge to a fellow who had been brought before the police court for being drunk and disorderly the night before. "You filled yourself with an enemy that committed petit larceny on your brains."

"Very sorry, Judge."

"Now, here you are," continued the Court, in severe tones, "a young man of intelligence, with good clothes on, barring a grease spot on the elbow where you rested it in the lunch table soap. You doubtless have a mother and sisters who think a good deal more of you than I do."

"Family's all right," whimpered the culprit.

"You've been sent to school and taught how to earn a good living. In return for all this you go whooping around the streets at midnight, tearing down signs and making an ass of yourself generally. Is that like the conduct of a reasonable creature?"

"No, Judge, it is not."

"Of course it ain't. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson, young man, and you will thank me for it some day. You needn't turn pale and whimper; that won't do you any good. Have you got any chewing tobacco about you?"

"Here's a bit of navy plug, your Honor."

"Thank you. Take my advice—chew more and drink less, as I do. You're discharged."

"What?"

"Discharged, I said, and the next time you are tempted to take a drink—P. H. (Go out and join you? Well, I don't care if I do. Court stands adjourned till to-morrow morning."—Texas Siftings.

An Odd Proposition.

One of the oddest contributions to the really large body of literature called forth by the "servant question" is the proposal of Mrs. Frances Darwin in an English magazine that a servant girl when applying for a situation should have the same right to ask for references from the mistress that the mistress has to ask them from the servant. For the purpose of meeting this legitimate demand she suggests that each mistress should name two referees among her former servants who have lived with her within a year. This assumes a judicial-mindedness and power of expression on the part of servant girls which they hardly ever possess, and it assumes also that the servant girls do not already act as references about mistresses for each other. The truth is that nearly every employer's character, as an employer, is pretty well known to all the servant girls in the neighborhood. They describe the ways of the people they live with to one another at their Sunday evening conventicles with a minuteness and prolixity which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of information about temper, habits, kind and amount of work. It would be a waste of labor for any housekeeper to appoint standing referees, because their judgment would either be superfluous or ineffective, and would besides this be highly colored by the reasons of the referee for leaving or staying in the house.

Undoubted Hypnotism.

Wilkins—I just tell you, there is something in this hypnotism. It's a true bill, and no mistake. You know Jinks? Well, that man is a hypnotizer—a wonderful one. I stand aghast when I think of that man's power.

Bilkins—I never heard of his hypnotizing any one.

Wilkins—He has done it, though. He has hypnotized his wife.

Bilkins—How do you know?

Wilkins—Easily enough. I was at his house the other evening when they had a little dispute about something, and she let him have the last word.

PEOPLE have no idea of the fatal speed of express trains. It is a common thing to see their buffers besattered with blood after a long and quick run. The noise of their approach disturbs the small birds from the hedgerows, and as they fly across the line along comes the thunderer at a speed of which they have no conception and dashes them to pieces.

PASTOR—And what would you like to give your pastor for a present? Bello (who loves his pastor)—A phonograph. Pastor—A phonograph? Why a phonograph? Bello—Because papa said you like to hear yourself talk!

A DIME in time saves many a dry moment.

WIT AND

Cause of a quarrel. "You ought to front of your store." "Why?" "Why? Don't you your name in big letters?" "I'm paying him." "Yes; but he's just the same."

Her Notion. Miss de Hub—squirrels that spoiled last summer, when I was on a volcano. We for the winter. Miss de Hub—Ugh! no note, it appears, of notions of grammar miss. I presume you mean held up.

A Purchase for Mother. Mother—Are you going out, dear?

Daughter—Yes, ma; the Physical Improvement Society meets this afternoon.

Mother—Well, I wish you would stop in somewhere and buy me a broom.

Route the Enemy. Mand—What a dear, good chaperon you are. But how did you manage to get my rival out of the room just at that critical moment?

Chaperon—I whispered to her in a kind, confidential tone, that there was a rip in the back of her black silk waist.

Excusable Profanity.

Managing Editor—William, go into the next room and see who is swearing. Such language cannot be used in this office.

William—Please, sir, it's Mr. Jones. He filled his fountain pen with muckilage by mistake, sir.

Injudicious Praise.

"We gave you a good notice in our paper."

"Oh, did you? Well, don't do it again. I don't mind your saying our vegetables are delicious and the milk pure, but when you add that our butter speaks for itself, we object."

A Consumption to Be Desired.

In the newspaper office: Competitor Damner—When I determine to settle down and see who is swearing. Such language cannot be used in this office.

Circulation Swearer—That'll be pleasant.

C. D.—Mightn't be so pleasant, but it will save me the engagement ring.

Be Fashionable or Die.

Huggle—Wedding rings for men are coming into fashion again.

Kissem—They are? Then I'll break off my engagement with Alice Scott.

Huggle—Wouldn't you wear one?

Kissem—Oh, yes; but I can't afford to buy two wedding rings.

The Terrors of Bankruptcy.

First Merchant—Met Snodgrass last evening entering Delmonico's. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and a large and juicy cigar was between his lips.

Second Merchant—Snodgrass? Oh, yes; he failed two months ago, and is trying to settle at ten cents.

Learning the Business.

Dealer—At happen to this hat?

Small Son—I was snappin' id wif my vingers, like you do, to show a guttomer vat good stuff it was, and it broke.

Dealer—Mine goodness! You haven't prains enough to zell heauts. Ven you shup a hat to show it can't be broke, you must keep vun hand inside, so id nod break.

The Wily Georgia Editor.

"We are going to start a paper in 'his town,'" writes a Georgia editor, "and we hereby put in our application for church membership and ask the prayers of the brethren for our success. A collection will be taken up after the service."

Three Minutes to Spare.

Old Lady (in railway train)—Conductor! How soon does this train start?

Conductor—It starts in three minutes, madam.

Old Lady—Well, I don't travel very much, and of course, I got a little confused with all the hurry and bustle, and so many things to think of, and I don't know how I'd got along at all today if it hadn't been for my darter, who is married and livin' here, but she thought of everything, she's got a wonderful memory, Sarah has, her name is Sarah, you know, and she helped me bring all my bundles to the depot, and she put them in my arms just before I came through the gate; but she forgot my spectacles, which I put in her pocket, and I want to know if there'll be time for me to run back and hunt her up and get them. How much time would I have?

Conductor—Three seconds. All aboard! All right! Go ahead!

Old Lady—Did you say for me to go ahead?

Conductor—We're off, madam. Take your seat.

Old Lady (to herself)—The idea of starting off a train three minutes ahead of time! I'll report that conductor.

Inadvertent but Appropriate.

Harry—Dearest, I love you better than any one on earth. If you will consent to be mine I will be your humble slave until death calls me hence. My heart is wholly yours. I love you distractedly. If this does not satisfy you of my devotion, what will?

Dearest—Cash!

She was a saleslady, and the word came to her ruby lips by force of habit. But it came like a cruel blow, and Harry, with a great gulp of sorrow, turned away and went out into the silent night to tell his grief to the cold, unfeeling stars in the ebony vault above. —Boston Transcript.

By electrolysis of a fluoride in a molten state, M. Misset extracts 21.5 grammes of aluminium for an expenditure of one horse-power hour.

A NOVELTY of an electrical exhibition at Frankfurt, Germany, is to be the transmission of 500 horse power to a distance of 140 miles.